TERMINATOR 2
T2
#0
PRESENT WAR
TERMINATOR 2
JUDGMENT DAY
CYBERNETIC DAWN
DIRECT EDITION
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ABNETT • WHIGHAM • SNIDER

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STERN! WHAT THE H--
OH MY GOD!
SPASKY! SHOOT IT! EMPTY YOUR CLIP INTO IT AND FALL BACK FAST!
STAY BACK! STAY BACK!
BAM!
CHAM! CHAM-CHAM! CHAM!
gak.
WHUNNCHHH!
Spasky always said he wanted to meet a live one.
Achieving his ambition has bought me vital seconds.
HOLD IT, CONNOR!
WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON UP HERE?
NO TIME!
THUKK!
BOOOOH!
EHKK!
WHMMP!

SARAH?
YOU CAN'T LEAVE.
BAM
BAM
BAM
SCREW YOU!
BRAAAPPPP!
THATT
FPANG!
THUKK
WUK
WUK
WUK
Those chrome wounds will heal in seconds. It's almost unkillable.
The only way to stop a T-1000 is to freeze it or melt it... or do anything which breaks down its structure at a base level to stop it from reconfiguring.
WEEEB
WEEEB
So I need a smart plan. And as many distractions as I can get.

Chem-Analysis Lab. Good start.
GET OUT! MOVE!
Just hope I've got time to improvise somethi--
EXIT
LAB 7
FWKK-
RASSHH!-
Guhh!
I give it everything I've got... everything at hand... sample beakers, dropper trays, test molds... anything not bolted down.
BRAAKKTTT!
TISHH
STRASHH
And just when the H&K runs out, fate steps in.
One flask out of hundreds. A solvent. The label on the broken bottle says 27B/6.
F-TSHH
KTTTKTKCH!
It freezes the upper layers of the polyalloy like ice on a pond.
4

Maybe it makes the alloy inert. Maybe it wipes the molecular programming. Maybe it's only temporary, but it works for now.
CHEMICAL
All I know for sure is that I need a hell of a lot more of it.
27B/6... 27B/6...
27B'6
MGFF-AHHHH!
27B'6
SKRRUKKK-SPPSSHHH!

YYEEEEEHHHEHGHG
It spasms and lashes as it dies. Flailing limbs rupture other drums and an acrid stink rises as chemicals intermix in dangerous proportions.
I don't look back.
Dry burn. Ignition. Fireball. Hammerblow.
Thank god the fire drill had gotten the staff out.
FWHOOMF!
Everything burns. Everything they had.
Except perhaps that human imperative to invent for invention's sake. Stern and Spasky followed Dyson. Who'll follow them?
Some damn fool, you can be certain.
6

We're right back where we started, John.
We still can't be sure if we've won.
HIGHWAY 78, CROSSING THE CHOCOLATE MOUNTAINS...
BLYTHE! BLYTHE!
COME ON! WE HAVE TO HELP DANNY!
BLYTHE DYSON! GET OVER HERE!
RING AROUND THE ROSIE. POCKET FULL OF POSIES. ASHES. ASHES. WE ALL FALL DOWN.
DANNY? COME ON, CHAMP! WAKE UP! WAKE UP!
PLEASE, CHAMP, WAKE UP ...
MOSSBERG! WHERE ARE YOU? MOSSBERG!
DANNY NEEDS HELP NOW, BADGE!
SKK-RRT-
CHHCHCH-HHH-!
Huh?
OH NO!

grhh
Hak! Hak! Hak!
JEEEEEEZUS.
MOSSBERG! PLEASE! PLEASE!
JOHN?
HANG ON, JOHN. HANG ON.
GOTTA CLEAR MY HEAD. FIND STUFF.
YEAH. THAT'S RIGHT. STUFF.
HE-LLO BABY!
THIS IS WHAT I NEED. I THINK.
HOW HARD CAN IT BE?
MOSSBERG! IF YOU'RE GONNA DO SOMETHING ...
...DO IT QUICK!

I CAN'T RUN FOREVER, YOU HEAR ME?
MOSSBERG! IT'S ALL OVER ME!
ughhnn!
NO!
OH GEEZ! NO GOOD!
HANG ON, JOHN! JUST HANG ON!
...STUPID TOGGLE SONUVA...
I CAN'T HANG ON!
OKAY THEN...
...DUCK.

KRAKA
THOOOOOMM!
whaddyaknow...
WAY TO GO, BADGE.

I run. I hide. I make some calls.
Tarissa finds me after midnight.
SARAH? WHAT H--
JUST DRIVE.
How can I tell her the real truth?
How can I tell her that it'll probably start again? The one thing this has showed me is that it's not the Terminators we should really fear.
It's mankind and our terrible ability to survive, an ability we will not lose until we have made sure the machines have inherited it.
While I sort out the terrible implications of these new developments, we go to ground.
The next day, we make the mountains.
True to his word, David Mossberg has led our children to safety.
And they've had adventures of their own on the way. Our friends the Salcedas have tended Danny Dyson's wounds.
Seems they took out an 800 en route.
I feel obsolete.
LET'S TALK.

I tell him about Network and the T-1000.
I explain to him that I think Skynet is now a certainty. No matter how many times we delay its creation, there will always be someone eager to step in and finish what's been started... just to see if they can.
We are our own worst enemy. The nuclear twilight will come.
SO THE FIGHT MAY LAST AWHILE. AND IT MIGHT GET DIRTIER.
WE WERE KINDA EXPECTING THAT, WEREN'T WE?
IGGY P
DANNY AND I HAVE BEEN THINKING...
He tells me about the source code. He explains Danny's virus idea and his own long-term plan...
...and for a moment, I'm too surprised to be proud of my son.
John is wise enough, even in a battle of astounding odds, to recognize that a child's imagination can be the children of the future.
"There's no fate but what we make for ourselves", he reminds me with a laugh, Kyle's intensity in his eyes.
NO FATE. WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT OURSELVES WITH THE LIVES OF THREE BILLION PEOPLE, JOHN. IT SEEMS SO INEVITABLE. THE WAR, JUDGMENT DAY... IT CAN'T BE CHANGED. IT'S OUR FUTURE.
IF IT IS INEVITABLE, MOM, THEN IT ALSO MEANS WE'LL WIN... SOMEDAY.
We'll make it.
One way or another.
END